

Heard many greuous. I do say my Lord
Greuous complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Haue mou'd Vs, and our Councell, that you shall
This Morning come before vs, where I know
You cannot with such freedome purge your selfe,
But that till further Triall, in those Charges
Which will require your Answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house out Towre: you, a Brother of vs
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thanke your Highnesse,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe
And Corne shall flye asunder. For I know
There's none stands vnder more calumnious tongues,
Then I my selfe, poore man.

King. Stand vp, good Canterbury,
Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted
In vs thy Friend. Giue me thy hand, stand vp,
Prythee let's walke. Now by my Holydame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would haue giuen me your Petition, that
I should haue tane some paines, to bring together
Your selfe, and your Accusers, and to haue heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on, is my Truth and Honestie:
If they shall faile, I with mine Enemies
Will triumph o're my person, which I waigh not,
Being of those Vertues vacant. I feare nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i'th' world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not small; their practises
Must beare the same proportion, and not euery
The Iustice and the Truth o'th' question carries
The dew o'th' Verdict with it; at what case
Might corrupt mindes procure, Knaues as corrupt
To lweare against you: Such things haue bene done.
You are Potently oppos'd, and with a Malice
Of as great Size. Weene you of better lucke,
I meane in periu'd Witnesse, then your Master,
Whose Minister you are, whiles heere he liu'd
Vpon this naughty Earth? Go too, go too,
You take a Precept for no leape of danger,
And woe your owne destruction.

Cran. God, and your Maiesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheere,
They shall no more p'uaile, then we giue way too:
Keepe comfort to you, and this Morning see
You do appeare before them. If they shall chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you:
The best perswasions to the contrary
Faile not to vs, and with what vehemencie
Th'occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliver them, and your Appeale to vs
There make before them. Look, the Goodman weeps:
He's honest on mine Honor. Gods blest Mother,
If weare he is true-hearted, and a soule
None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,
And do as I haue bid you. *Exit Cranmer.*
He has strangled his Language in his teares.

Enter Olde Lady.

Gent. within. Come backe: what meane you?
Lady. Ile not come backe, the tydings that I bring
Will make my boldnesse, manners. Now good Angels
Fly o're thy Royall head, and shade thy person
Vnder their blessed wings.

King. Now by thy lookes
I gesse thy Message. Is the Queene deliuer'd?
Say I, and of a boy.

Lady. I, I my Liege,
And of a lovely Boy: the God of heauen
Both now, and euer blese her: 'Tis a Gyle
Promises Boyes heereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your Visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you,
As Cherry, is to Cherry.

King. Louell.

Lou. Sir.

King. Giue her an hundred Markes.

Lady. An hundred Markes? By this light, Ile haue more.
An ordinary Groome is for such payment.
I will haue more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the Gyle was like to him? Ile
Haue more, or else vnsway't: and now, while 'tis hot,
Ile put it to the issue. *Exit Lady.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cranmer, Archbysop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was sent to me from the Councell, pray'd me
To make great hast. All fast? What meanes this? Ho?
Who waites there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my Lord:
But yet I cannot helpe you.
Cran. Why?
Keep. Your Grace must waight till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.
Butts. This is a Peere of Malice: I am glad
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall vnderstand it presently. *Exit Butts.*

Cran. 'Tis Butts.
The Kings Physician, as he past along
How earnestly he cast his eyes vpon me:
Pray heauen he found not my disgrace: for certaine
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God tune their hearts, I neuer fought their malice)
To quench mine Honor; they would shame to make me
Wait else at doore: a fellow Councillor
'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes.
But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the King and Butts, at a Window
above.*

Butts. He shew your Grace the strangest sight.
King. What's that Butts?

Butts. I thinke your Highnesse saw this many a day.
King. Body ame: where is it?

Butts. There my Lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury,
Who holds his State at dore 'mongst Purseuants,
Pages, and Foot-boyes.

King. Ha? 'Tis he indeed.
Is this the Honour they doe one another?
'Tis well there's one about 'em yet; I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
At least good manners; as not thus to suffer
A man of his Place, and so neere our fauour
To dance attendance on their Lordships pleasures,
And at the dore too, like a Post with Packets:
By holy Mary (Butts) there's knauery;
Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtaine close:
We shall heare more anon.

*A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and
placed vnder the State. Enter Lord Chancelour, places
himselfe at the upper end of the Table, on the left hand: A
Sente being left void about him, as for Canterburies Seate.
Duke of Suffolke, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Cham-
berlaine; Gardiner, seat themselves in Order on each side.
Cromwel at lower end, as Secretary.*

Chan. Speake to the businesse, M. Secretary;
Why are we met in Councell?

Crom. Please your Honours,
The chiefe cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Ha's he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Norf. Who waits there?

Keep. Without my Noble Lords?

Gard. Yes.

Keep. My Lord Archbishop:

And ha's done halfe an houre to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

Cranmer approaches the Councell Table.

Chan. My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry
To sit heere at this present, and behold
That Chayre stand empty: But we all are men
In our owne natures fraile, and capable
Of our flesh, few are Angels; out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you that best should teach vs,
Haue misdeame'd your selfe, and not a little:
Toward the King first, then his Lawes, in filling
The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines
(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,
Diuers and dangerous; which are Heresies;
And not reform'd, may proue pernicious.

Gard. Which Reformation must be sodaine too
My Noble Lords; for those that tame wild Horses,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But stop their mouthes with stubborn Bits & spurre 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
Out of our easinesse and childish pittie
To one mans Honour, this contagious sicknesse;
Farewell all Physicke: and what followes then?
Comotions, vprores, with a generall Taint
Of the whole State; as of late dayes our neighbours,
The vpper Germany can deere witness:
Yet freshly pittied in our memories.

Cran. My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progress
Both of my Life and Office, I haue labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching

And the strong course of my Authority,
Might goe one way, and safely; and the end
Was euer to doe well: nor is there liuing,
(I speake it with a single heart, my Lords)
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his priuate Conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a publique peace then I doe:
Pray Heauen the King may neuer find a heart
With lesse Allegiance in it. Men that make
Enuy, and crooked malice, nourishment;
Dare bite the best. I doe beseech your Lordships,
That in this case of Iustice, my Accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely vrge against me.

Suff. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a Counsellor,
And by that vertue no man dare accuse you. *(ment,*
Gard. My Lord, because we haue busines of more mo-
We will be short with you. 'Tis his Highnesse pleasure
And our consent, for better tryall of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where being but a priuate man againe,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More then (I feare) you are provided for.

Cran. Ah my good Lord of Winchester: I thanke you,
You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will passe,
I shall both finde your Lordship, Iudge and Iuror,
You are so mercifull. I see your end,
'Tis my vndoing. Loue and meekenesse, Lord
Become a Churchman, better then Ambition:
Win straying Soules with modesty againe,
Cast none away: That I shall cleere my selfe,
Lay all the weight ye can vpon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you doe conscience,
In doing dayly wrongs. I could say more,
But reuerence to your calling, makes me modest.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,
That's the plaine truth; your painted glosse discouers
To men that vnderstand you, words and weaknesse.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, y'are a little,
By your good fauour, too sharpe; Men so Noble,
How euer faultly, yet should finde respect
For what they haue bene: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good M. Secretary,
I cry your Honour mercie; you may worsh
Of all this Table say so.

Crom. Why my Lord?

Gard. Doe not I know you for a Fauourer
Of this new Sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gard. Not sound I say.

Crom. Would you were halfe so honest:
Mens prayers then would seeke you, not their feares.

Gard. I shall remember this bold Language.

Crom. Doe.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;

Farewell for thame my Lords.

Gard. I haue done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you my Lord, it stands agreed
I take it, by all voyces: That forthwith,
You be conuaid to th' Tower a Prisoner;
There to remaine till the Kings further pleasure
Be knowne vnto vs: are you all agreed Lords.